THE EMERALD ISLE

HENRY T. CULVER

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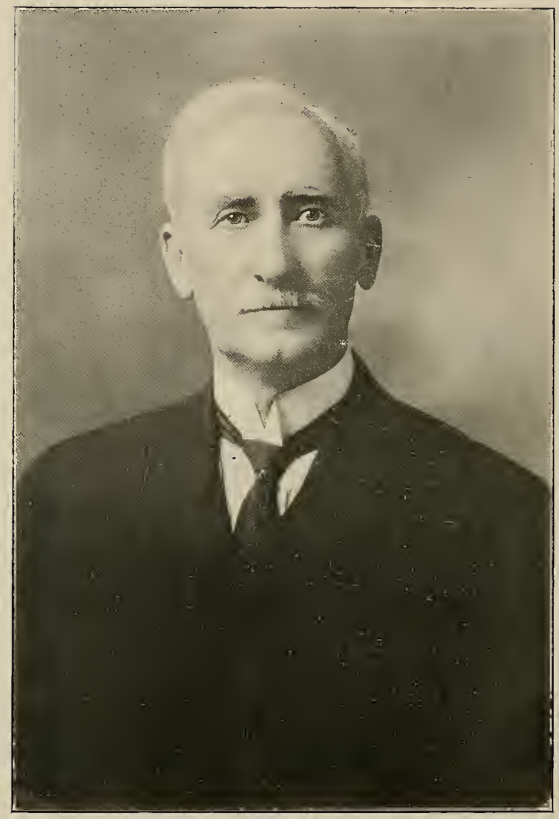

The Emerald Isle

IN POETRY AND PICTURES

BY

HENRY S. CULVER

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EXPLANATORY

This little book with its pictures and interpretive verses is published with the hope that those who peruse its pages may have at least a glimpse of those scenes and characters which make the Emerald Isle so interesting to the world, and so beloved by her sons and daughters everywhere.

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ODE TO IRELAND

WHEN ye rose from the sea, Oh Erin
A gift from God's own hand,
To be the crowning glory
Of all created land;
And ye met the first day's dawning,
With thy gorgeous hills aglow,
There was ecstasy in heaven
O'er the new world here below.

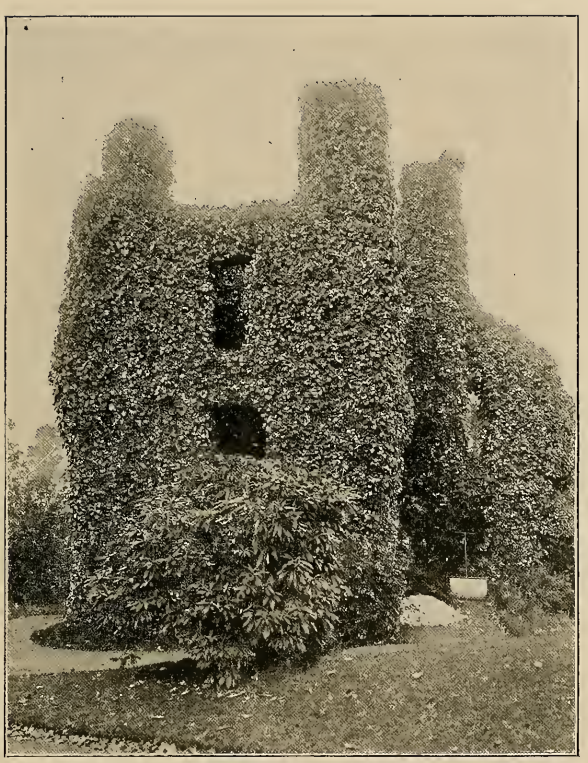
And that ye, supreme creation,
Might forever be earth's queen
Ye were decked in purple heather,
And crowned with shamrock green
Till the beauty of thy mountains
Thy vales and glens among,
Are the themes of rarest sweetness
In earth's poesy and song.

While to guard thy sacred portals,
And stay time's ruthless hand,
Ye were given sturdy warders
To inherit thy fair land;
Men exalted, honoring ever
On the earth thy cherished name,
Adding glory to thy beauty,
Adding luster to thy fame.

QUEENSTOWN

FAIR city by the Lee,
Thy terraced houses gracefully
Adorn with vari-colored hues
The granite hills thou'rt built upon;
And when at early morn the sun
Doth touch thy tints with burning gold,
Thy Oriental splendor is supreme.
Thy whitening ways hedged in by walls

Of ivy green, that winding, crawl
From quay to loftiest summit,
But bind thy many sundered hills
In common mass of pleasing beauty.
The stranger at thy gate looks in
With admiration on thy charms.
The sun and air and sky temper
Their moods to gratify thy pride
While lured by shady grove and park,
And gardens in perpetual bloom;
Cathedral tower and battlements
Of stone, that face thy boldest cliffs,
The sea, the mighty amorous sea,
Leaps boldly through thy harbor's mouth
To kiss thy guarded waiting shore.



DUNDANION CASTLE

WELL may ye hide your prison bars
Beneath the living ivy green,
Well may ye perish thus disguised,
Your frightful dungeon cells unseen.

This be your end for deeds of shame,
For pleas of justice oft denied
Where innocence in galling chains
Languished, unheard, in terror, died.

Full soon your craven form must pass,
The leaves that hide you soon must die,
Naught will e'er mark your resting place—
In dust and ashes will ye lie.

CONNEMARA

THERE'S a cottage 'mong the hills of Connemara,
Where I left my dark-eyed sweetheart long ago;
I kissed her there good bye, the love-light in her eye,
While she whispered, "Oh, I love you so, love you so."
While she whispered, "Oh, I love you so."

There's a grave among the hills of Connemara,
Where my sweetheart 'neath the hawthorn lies so low;
My heart is buried there in the grave beside my fair,
While she whispers, "Oh, I love you so, love you so."
While she whispers, "Oh, I love you so."

I mourn for her who sleeps in Connemara,
Tho' I see her angel face wher'er I go;
I am waiting for the hour we'll be together,
And she'll whisper, "Oh, I love you so, love you so."
And she'll whisper, "Oh, I love you so."

THE CITY OF CORK

IN MARSH-LAND, where the river Lee
Now in thy lap pours wealth of trade
From distant lands far o'er the sea,
St. Finbar thy foundations laid.

Where now thy teeming thousands run,
And stand thy busy marts of trade,
The sons of Ebric were undone,
And Conn unsheathed his trusty blade.

The pagan Kings on parapegm
Proclaimed thy laws, unknowing God,
Before the Babe in Bethlehem
The troubled ways of life had trod.

Ye had, for full a thousand years,
Oh, ancient city by the Lee
Stood trembling 'twixt thy hopes and fears,
Before Columbus sailed the sea.

And yet ye stand, unrivaled still,
Proud of an honored ancient name,
And brave undaunted Ireland will
Forever guard thy well earned fame.

THE RIVER LEE

GRAND in song and ancient story
Are the Shannon and the Dee,
But grander in pristine glory
Art thou, Oh beautiful Lee.

Old thou art, Oh silent River,
Years their weight have on thee prest,
Thou hast seen the bow and quiver
Of the wild tribes on thy breast.

Yet thou art to eye enchanting
As ye flow through fields of gold,
Ever on our hearts implanting
Scenes our memories unfold.

Be thou then majestic River,
What through ages thou hast been,
Grand, imperious, silent, ever
Ireland's glory to defend.

CROMWELL'S BRIDGE

GLENGARIFF'S hills are red with fire,
The frantic people pray and moan,
And swear eternal vengeance, sire,—
And fly to yonder bridge of stone."

"They seek to check our onward march,
And gather with increasing force,
E'en now uncapped is every arch
To drive us from our southern course."

Thus spake an emissary brave,
When Cromwell turned to him and said,—
"If thus the Irish clans behave,
Some wily chief must lose his head."

"Go tell the savage Irish horde,
If thus, are royal troops delayed,
Not one, but many by the sword
Shall perish, go; nor be afraid."

"Stay; tell them more, my orders are,
They shall disperse and not delay,
They must at once the bridge repair,
And for our troops must clear the way."

"Nay more; for every hour delayed,
One Irish rebel shall be hung,
And if again we are betrayed,
The necks of twenty shall be wrung."

At coming morn to martial view,
A pleasing object met their sight,—
There stood the bridge, all risen new,
While Cromwell slumbered through the night.

THE MARINA WAY

YE STALWART trees that guard so well
This grand majestic way,
What of your duties, pray ye tell
Why stand in such array?

Have ye been marshaled 'gainst the foe,
The storm wind in its flight?
If this your mission then we know
Ye are victors by your might.

But if ye stand to guard the way
Where a maid but seeks her swain,
Then all your grandeur fades in a day
Your splendor is all in vain.

GRAB-ALL-BAY

IN THE days when pirates roamed the seas
Thy sheltering hills their plunder hid,
And many a bark that touched thy shores
But swelled the wealth of Captain Kidd.

Could they but speak thy hills would tell
A story of this murderous band,
How babes were slain and women killed
Who now lie buried in the sand.

And how they lured the flying sail
On treacherous rocks that guard thy shore,
There to enslave the hapless crew
Whose ship would ride the seas no more.

THE RUINS

OH, ANCIENT pile of dust and stone,
Speak, tell the story of thy life;
When were ye brought from quarry forth,
To be a fortress in the strife?

Unveil the past and picture those
Who from thy casements watched the foe
In stealth approach, with murd'rous hearts
To slaughter them, and lay thee low.

Did royal king, or chieftain bold,
E'er dwell within thy granite walls,
Did ever music, song and mirth,
Or laughter echo through thy halls?

Speak, ancient pile, when glory full,
Did'st render service to the State,
Or did thou merely vaunt the pride
Of some vain glorious potentate?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

WHO HAVE achieved, we love them most,
The truly great we love and all
That touched their strenuous lives.
The scene some master mind has stirred,
Or martial hero looked upon,
We cherish as a part of his
Immortal self, but if perchance
The habitation stands wherein he wrought,
Wherein with kindred souls he lived,
And from which poured his genius forth;

'Tis hallowed ground, a holy place,
And to our wondering waiting souls
It speaks as though with very tongue
Of him, who dwelt within its walls;
So speaks this ancient house at Youghal,
As he whom kings did honor spake:
And as we tread its sacred halls
That once took measure of his step,
And read on manuscript and stone,
The record of his full fraught years,
And gaze within the curtained room
Where Spencer's "Fairie Queen" had birth,
We reckon not the lapse of time,
But see in fancy still his form
As when with mighty spirits
Like his own, he walked the earth,
A noble specimen of Man.

THE ROUND TOWER

WHAT anxious eyes have from thy casements glared,
And into others, threatening, wildly stared?

What beating hearts have refuge found
within,
From savage foe, or yet more savage kin?
What hopes, what fears within their bosoms
stirred
When sound of clashing sword and spear were
heard?
Thou answereth not mysterious shaft,
But standeth mute, thy secrets holding fast;
Nor hast thou through the prying centuries
Disclosed thy vast, astounding mysteries.
Ah well; while cold and silent yet, thou art,
Thou still unconsciously must play a part,
For standing 'twixt the years, now long since
past,
And those to be, thou must until the last
Mark the long distance human feet have trod
From savagery, to hope in Holy God.

MUCKROSS ABBEY

WHEN human structures crumble into dust,
And earthly scenes of grandeur fade, and rust
Consumes the enchanting art of ages past,
And leaves a ravished hideous pile at last
That must forever mar dame nature's realm,
And her harmonious system overwhelm;
Then comes the master architect sublime,
And with a skillful practiced touch benign,
Weaves the green ivy o'er the ruins old,

In most exquisite fashion, fold on fold,
Until from out the ruined wastes arise
A scene of beauty rarer than the skies;
Quivering with life, as fresh as budding spring,
The dull dead heap transformed to living thing;
Surpassing all the works of human hand
To decorate and beautify the land.

LEGEND OF THE TWO TOWERS

With apologies to Samuel Lover

TWO TOWERS there are at Clonmacnoise,
Once of equal size and poise,
But now dismantled, overthrown
Lies one a heap of granite stone
The subject of my story;
When selfish Bishop years ago,
Who fond of earthly power and show,
To save his certain overthrow
Built here these towers for glory.

To save the priest and him defend
The workmen hastened to the end,
Nor asked for compensation till
They'd anchored fast the topmost sill;
With what results ye may surmise,
His lordship thought the price too high,
And sought to argue how and why
A lesser sum would satisfy,
Until at last his ire did rise.

Then hastening from the dizzy height
He soon d'd leave them in a plight,
For when they followed to the ground
No ladders in the tower they found;
A sad predicament indeed,
And then to tantalize them sore
He threatened, ranted, even swore
And vowed that they should starve before
He'd satisfy unrighteous greed.

"Ye'll take what's offered," said the priest
"Or else ye'll never feed or feast,
So when your pride ye modify
I'll choose to help ye from the sky
And welcome ye to mother earth."
At this his lordship went to pray,
And Tim the fool passed by that way,
"Ah well;" he shouted, "well-a-day,
Here's chance for litt'e fun and mirth."

"Ye're lookin' well up there," says he,
"Like preaghauns sittin' in a tree."
"Ye blackguard," shouted back the men,
"Come back and help us down again
Now, while his lordship's gone to pray."
At that the foolish lad replied,
"I'm thinkin' ye are fools servile
For can't ye turn from off the pile,
Three stones for one put on the while,
Before, by cunning Bishop spied?"

'Twas then the workmen with a will
Uncapped the heavy topmost sill,
And in their rage flung stone and mortar
To the ground, in great disorder,
The cunning Bishop to surprise,
And long before his prayer was finished
The lusty workmen had demolished
All their labors had accomplished,
And fled the place where now it lies.

THE SHAMROCK

YE MAY take from dear Erin her wild purple heather,
And the sweet blushing roses that bloom on the hill;
Ye may rob the red fuchsias of beauty forever,
Only leave the dear shamrock, she'll be Ireland still.

Ye may filch from her glens the fairest of
flowers,
And the hawthorn and laurel may ruth-
lessly kill;
Ye may veil from the sight her castles and
towers,
Only leave the dear shamrock, she'll be
Ireland still.

Ye may fade the green Ivy that creeps o'er
the hedges,
And so lovingly drinks from the mad
rushing rill;
Ye may plunder her velvety moss-covered
ledges,
Only leave the dear shamrock, she'll be
Ireland still.

Ye may drive from her shores the hearts that
adore her,
Even into her life alien blood may instill;
But wherever her children, they'll ne'er cease
to love her,
And with the dear shamrock, she'll be
Ireland still.

BLARNEY

IN HIS vestments of grey,
All ragged at last,
The spirit of Blarney lives;
And concealed in his breast
Is a marvelous past,
The secrets of which he gives
To those alone
Who kiss the stone
That he holds in his iron grasp.

A right clever sage is
This spirit in grey;
In spite of his vestments plain;
For the pilgrims who stay,
At his shrine, must pay,
If to wisdom they would attain,
And kiss the stone
And thus atone,
For wearing his vestments away.

THE FASTNET ROCK

THOU bold unchanging mighty rock,
Breasting the storm swept sea,
Waiting the frightful ocean's shock,
In silent majesty.

Alone where the wild and savage tide,
Lurks for his human prey,
Ye stand in brave and martial pride,
Holding his wrath at bay.

The while ye throw your dazzling light
Far flashing o'er the sea,
Dispelling the awful ocean night,
And the heart's anxiety.

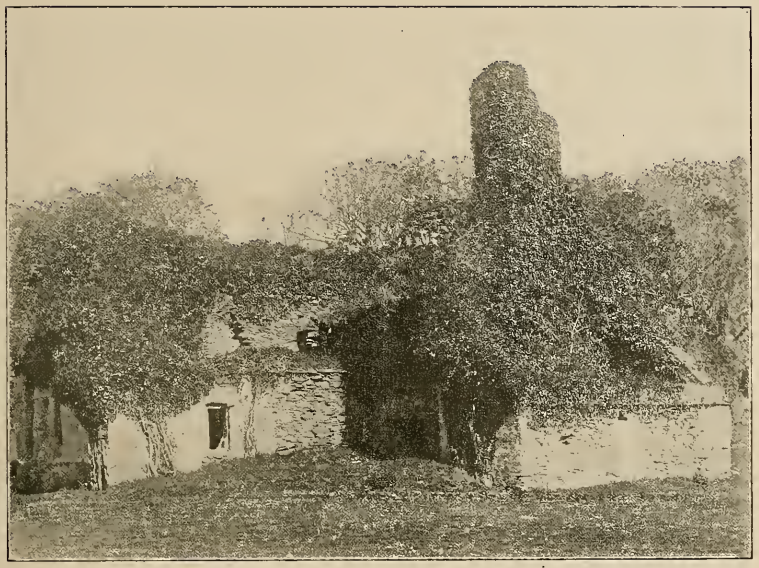
So on the crowded ocean way,
Ye guide the flying sail,
While round thee, fearful thunders play,
And the tempests loudly wail.

THE JINGLE

A KING may ride in his royal car
Where only the gentry mingle,
But the common folk may go as far
In a fine old Irish Jingle.

So here's to the jarvey and his car
When clouds hang low and lowery,
And he'll drive you swiftly near or far
For half of your lady's dowery.

And here he waits for a half crown fare
A shilling for one way single,
But if you come back he'll charge ye mair
For a ride in his one horse jingle.



DAN'L O'CONNELL

AS ONE who sees amid the clouded heavens,
As through a mist, a dimly lighted star,
So he, the chieftain of a valiant people
A vision caught of freedom from afar.

His flaming torch flung high that they might follow,
He led them on to heights unknown and new,

And there, though faint and weary with the struggle,
They stood with him at last and caught the view.

Caught the dim star that brighter grew and brighter
As nearer to the light he led them on,
Until at last the star lit up the kingdom,—
The vanished kingdom that they thought had gone.

And still that star is blazing in the heavens,
The star of freedom that O'Connell saw,
And Ireland, patient, brave, unconquered Ireland,
Will yet rejoice in Freedom's holy law.

THE DONKEY

DREAMILY waiting beside the wall,
Waiting the master's familiar call,
Waiting for duty with eyes half closed,
To love and faithfulness ever disposed.
Putting the master, me thinks, to shame
With many a virtue he dares not claim;
If men were donkeys and donkeys men
As far as some of their traits we ken
The world would be better, yes saner be
With less of haste and anxiety.

GUARDING THE CHICKS

A HEN without chicks leads a lonely life
For she has but few friends on earth,

She's neither a widow, a maid, or wife
And she's cross and crabbed from birth.

She flies at the chickens of every brood
And would surely kill them outright,
Whenever she spies them eating their food
Or seeking their shelter at night.

So here I guard the dear little things
While they eat a crust at my door,
For I always know from the song she sings
What the cannibal has in store.

GATHERING SEA WEED

OUT OF thy waters, O mystic sea,
Ye build and build mysteriously,
Homes on thy stones has the red sea weed,
Where it lives and grows

As the wild sea rose,
That the hungry fields, it may nourish and
feed
While they in turn may bring forth food
To feed the famishing human brood.
So ye the fountain of life art then,
Sating the hunger and thirst of men.
O marvelous sea;
What a mystery.

THE PIG AND THE CHILDREN

MISTRESS Julia McCarty of Killnoch-
magree
Had a pig and some children who
couldn't agree,
The children were dirty, but the pig, she kept
"clane,"
For a very good reason I soon will explain.
She would wash Mister Piggy and brush his
white hair
And she'd leave the dear children alone in
despair.

The baby McCarty who was just rising two
Was so dirty his features were lost to the view;
Well, one day a neighbor went over to call
And seeing the children so dirty and all—
She "aixed" Mistress McCarty to rise and explain
Why the children were dirty and his pigship so "clane."
"Well ye know, Mistress Johnson," said Mistress McCarty,
"A full share of dirt is both healthy and hearty,
So in raisin' the pig and the childer togither,
I but follow the rule laid down by me mither;
For she often remarked as together we'd sup,
In nature there's always a true levelin' up,
So I wash up the shoat to look clane and nate
And I lave the dear childer in a dirtier state,
For by this means you see the pig's more like a kid,
And the childer look more like a pig than they did."

MY IRISH COLLEEN

BLUSHING her cheeks as the red rose
of Erin,
Graceful her form as the swift
bounding deer,

Eyes burning softly with love's tender passion,
A voice like the thrush when morn doth appear.
She is my Colleen, my sweet Irish Colleen,
And no dearer sweetheart hath ever been seen.

Oft o'er the mountain all purple with heather,
We wander in search of the full sated kine,
Nor weary the quest if moon-beams are shining,
Her soft hand lovingly resting in mine.
She is my Colleen, my sweet Irish Colleen,
And no dearer sweetheart hath ever been seen.

When in the gloaming I tell her I love her,
And long for the day when she shall be mine,
She whispers in accents of purest devotion,—
"I love only you and pray to be thine."
She is my Colleen, my sweet Irish Colleen,
And no dearer sweetheart hath ever been seen.

RETIRED FROM SERVICE

ONLY a donkey, and nobody knows
The kicks I've had and the cruel blows,
And the loads I've pulled,
And the trials I've had,
Trying to make my master glad.

So here I am all limpy and old
Left to starve out here in the cold,
No one to love me—
Here then must I lie
Forsaken, alone, perchance to die.

I think of the days of my youth now passed
In shining harness polished and brassed,
Such pride in me then
Tho' they beat me sore,
But this is the end, I'll soon be no more.

EVENING

OH! SILENT peaceful time of rest;
That hour when nature seeks repose,
And doth so gently, softly close
The golden curtains of the west,
For sleep and rest.

Thou art of all the hours the best,
Inviting with a subtle spell

The sated herds with tinkling bell,
To wend their way in silent quest
Of home and rest.

Thy tranquil spirit ever blest,
Beguiling to the sheltered bowers
The song birds, where through danger hours,
They find in safe accustomed nest
Sweet sleep and rest.

As thus thy moments we attest,
So may our evening time of life
Steal gently on, no fear, no strife,
Until at last at God's behest
We find sweet rest.

TAKING THEIR PICTURES

DADDY look dacent if ye can,
So folks will know it's you,
Ye've no pride left, it seems to me,
Don't move, he'll soon be through.

Oh, thank ye, Sor, God spare ye too;
I'm glad the picture's took,—
Ye see he's careless, Sor, and old,
It's hard to make him look
So the childer'll know it's him, Sor,
They once knowed like a book.

It's many years they've left us, Sor,
For lands far, far away;
There's no one left, just me and dad,
And we're not very gay.
But then he moight be better, Sor,
That's what I often say.

How many? Oh, there's eight with Tim,
The youngest don't ye know,
But I wouldn't care so much, Sor,
Only he's crippled so,
And walks with a crutch like this, Sor,
He went to live with Joe.

Excuse me, Sor, it's awful hard,
To think of Dad and me
A-livin' alone till the judgment day,
Before we'll ever see
Each other again, the childer and us,
Just as we used to be.

SCOLDING THE PIGS

YE ROGUES: how ye scramble for praties and milk,
That's makin' your coats just as soft as rale silk;
Ye're clane enough too, for the parlor indade,
But I'm lost to account for your heathenish greed.
Why don' ye be dacent and eat like your mither?
Shure she's niver a minnets trouble or bother.
I know ye belong to a new generation,

But that's no excuse for such seeming starvation,
When from mornin' till night I be tremblin' and quakin'
For fear your poor bellies will be painin' and achin'.
Ye're an ungrateful lot, shure I'd ne'er be a pig;
I'm ashamed of ye quite, but plainly I twig
Ye're expectin' the day when the rint comes around
And ye'll go to the market a full hundred pound,
And they'll cut off your heads that ye fight with so hard
And by faith I'll be glad when ye're out of the yard.

THE GREEN ISLE

UPHEAVED from the fathomless deep,
Thy bosom wet with the sea;
Nor aroused from thy ocean sleep,
Till sun kissed, ye modestly
Donned a mantle of green,
That ye wear like a queen,
Thou nymph of the Northern Sea.

Begot in a far distant age,
Nurtured by the fruitful tide,

Lost in mist when the mad storms rage,
Still charming when they subside;
In thy velvety green,
That ye wear like a queen,
Daughter of the loving sea.

Favored one of the signal three,
Rich in thy castles and towers,
Thy rivers the Shannon and Lee,
Thy fragrant rose crowned bowers,
And the Shamrock so green
Ye still wear like a queen,
Brave heart of the world-wide sea.

KATE KEARNEY

OLD ENGLAND, and the rest of earth
Have maids who never blarney,
But of such beauties there's a dearth
As Ireland's own Kate Kearney.

E'en Scotland with her wealth of girls
Must take a far off journey,
For not within her realm are pearls
As beauteous as Kate Kearney.

All lands have famous beauties rare
Some poor and some with money,
But none with Ireland can compare
For she has dear Kate Kearney.

So when you land on Erin's shore
Go straight to Lake Killarney,
And for earth's beauties seek no more
For there you'll see Kate Kearney.

PADDY'S MARKET

MEDLEY of sights, fury of sounds
Mixture of all that on earth abounds,
Short and tall, the hungry and fat,
And still more mixtures after that;
Cabbage and oranges, fish and tripe,
Onions and pig's feet mixed with snipe,
Lard and beeswax, honey and hake,
Bloaters and beans, oysters and steak,
Hardware and tinware, beer and bones,
Eggs and butter mixed up with stones,

Ribbons and buttons, laths and nails,
Raspberry jam wth tallow and snails,
Codfish and pig's heads, flour and soap,
Rashers and saurkraut mixed up with rope,
And so never ending but always extending
The mixtures you find at this market in Cork.

THE SAILOR'S HOME

YE TELL of the land, the wooded land,
The beauty of vale and glen,
Wide stretches of meadow and ripening fields,
The habitations of men.

To me your woods are prison walls,
Your valleys the dungeons gloom,
Your crystal air from wind swept plains,
The stifling breath of doom.

Mine is a home where the boundless deep
Touches the far off sky,
Where storm clouds kiss the wakening waves
While onward they swiftly fly.

The hills I love are the crested waves,
Heaved by the mighty tide—
I love the winds, the far blown winds
By the salt spray purified.

My home is vast, from the dawn of day
It stretches to dawn again,
No shore so distant but it may reach
And your continents enchain.

Do ye wonder then I love my home,
The vast the billowy sea,
The mighty realm where none but God
Reigns through Eternity?

A RALE IRISHMAN

HEY? plase speak a bit louder,
Sure, Sor, no one is prouder
Of being an Irishman true,
Than I be meself, Sor,

For that were no lie, Sor,
An' God bless ye'r honor, too.

Just inside o' me shanty,
There's praties in plenty,
An' a drap o' the crater too;
Step inside me door, Sor,
An' hev but a smile, Sor,
Ye'r welcome, ye'r honor, too.

Oh yes, Sor; I'm ninety,
But I fale big an' moighty,
An' niver a moment blue,
With a drink o' the crater
To aid mother nater,
An' 'twill help ye'r honor, too.

THE DREADNOUGHT

GRIM cruel monster of the sea,
Creature of lowest savagery,
Inspired by that arch fiend the devil
To burden man with still more evil,
In arrogance of power ye ride
The foaming sea and restless tide,
And when some weak and helpless state,
Has of your power but felt the weight,
And by your guns been terrified
From claiming justice yet denied.
Ye swell with vanity supreme,
From stem to stern your pennant's stream,

And joined by others of your kind
Ye seek what honors ye may find,
Ye proudly boast your perfect art
While men applaud, and praise the heart
Whose blood your murd'rous decks yet stain,
Or else still tortured writhes in pain.
Oh! peace on earth, what mockery!
When such crafts sail on every sea;
When will the beast in man subside?
When will the words of Christ abide?

THE JAUNTING CAR

FROM Iceland to the southern seas,
From east to west as distant far,
No creature sweeps with pinions spread,
So swiftly as the Jaunting Car.

Up rugged steeps it flies aloft
As if to some great sparkling star;
One feels the earth receding fast
When riding on a Jaunting Car.

It whirls through valleys, over hills
With lightning speed without a jar,
It never tires, it never stops,
This flying Irish Jaunting Car.

What use to man the aeroplane,
Or anything that's sublunar,
While there is such a thing on earth,
As Ireland's famous Jaunting Car.

THE IRISH FARMER

SING we the song of the verdant soil,
The fallow fields and green,
The honest labor that dignifies toil,
And the primal life serene.

Sing we the songs of harmonies grand,
The blending of myriad throats,
The rippling stream over pebbly sand,
The torrents ponderous notes.

The plowman's song and the lowing herds,
The laughter of childish glee,
The crowing of cocks, the singing birds
In the tree-tops, glad and free.

All, all in a happy loud acclaim,
Mingle their voices of love,
The music swells in a glad refrain
To the courts of heaven above.

WAITING

WHEN ye go for the cows at e'en, Katy,
Wait for me down by the stile,
And we'll drive them home together, lassie,
By the safest longest mile.

And if they think ye've been o'er long, Katy,
Oh; tell them never a lie,
But say ye were helping a calf, lassie,
Along the hedge hard by.

And when at the top of the hill, Katy,
We see your house in the glen,
I'll go back the lane through the woods, lassie,
Then we'll drive the cows again.

RACING

THERE'S life and speed in the iron steed,
As he roars and thunders along,
There's woe and weal in the automobile,
As it swiftly glides with its song;
But for real true racing
And sport that is bracing,
I'll take the gamey horse,
Who with muscles of steel,
And a soul that can feel,
Flies over the race-track course.

SING TO ME, ROBIN

SING to me robin, thine own love song,
I have been waiting the hours so long,
Sing to me robin, the same sweet lays
Ye sang to my heart in the golden days.
Golden days, Golden days,
Ye sang to my heart in the golden days.

Sing to me robin, sweetly and low,
Bring back the dreams of the years ago,

Bring back the joy and comforting rest,
Sing to me, sing from thine own love nest.
Own love nest, Own love nest,
Sing to me, sing from thine own love nest.

"THE KURNEL"

I'VE A good store of turf for the wintry
weather,
When the cold North winds blow and
I sit by me hob;

Now bare are the oak trees and brown is the heather,
Yet me comforts o'erflow when I smoke me old cob.

If ever I think of me landlord and rent dues
It is only to wish for a few extra bob;
All the same I'm continted, readin' the weeks news,
On each Sunday mornin' while smokin' me cob.

I still now and then have a turn at the old reel,
And it's often I go when at Ballydehob
And swing Mrs. Murphy around like a fly-wheel,
But me greatest of comforts is smokin' me cob.

And so me days run from winter to summer,
But whatever I do I am onto the job,
I smile at misfortune, I've no cause to murmer
If I have but a sixpence to fill me old cob.

THE SUNSET LAND

OUT OF this land at the close of day
When sable shadows come creeping
Over the waters so still and gray,
To 'waken hosts that are sleeping.

There bursts a vision of beauty rare,
Flaming banners on mountains high,
And crimson forests and valleys where
Bright silv'ry mists go floating by.

Where is that beautiful land so fair,
Reflecting such scenes of glory?
Tell us, Oh! tell us ye wise men, where
Is that land of ancient story?

GOING TO MARKET

WHAT queer things one hears in the
market be sure,"
Said plump Mistress Careb to
me;
"These dear city folk are so smart don't ye
know,
'Tis a sin to deceive them," said she.

"There's the magistrate's wife comes along
and says she,
'Your fowls appear old I must say;'
Oh, not as ye'd notice says I wid a smile,
They always be young where they lay."

"Then along comes the wife of the parson,
says she,
'How are eggs Mistress Careb, I pray?'
Oh, very well thank you, Mistress Connor,
says I,
They've been fresh for many a day."

"And here comes the priest, God bless you,
says I, and says he,
'Your butter smells strong in a way;'
Do ye think so, says I, but how can that be?
It was made on the last week day."

THE LEGEND OF LOUGH BRAY

THERE'S a legend 'mong the people
Who live near lone Lough Bray,
That they tell in broken whispers,
Lest the fearful secret may
Renew the shocking orgies seen,
When Hugh McShane O'Bryne
Led his clan of heartless robbers forth
To kill and slay and burn.
They tell how in those bloody days
On many a darksome night,

A man and woman could be seen
Far up the mountain height,
Their torches waving in the storm
As the genii wave their wand,
In warning to the ones below
'Gainst the wild and murd'rous band.
And they tell how when the torches
Of these Pookas lit the sky,
The people of the plains below
Would in greatest terror fly,
And leave their homes and flocks and herds
To the mercy of the band;
Who then would rob them of their store,
And devastate the land.
At last there came a wilder storm
Than the mountain glens had known,
The winds blew fiercely on the cliff
With hideous shriek and moan,
The waters of the Lough below
Were dashed into milk white spray,
The mountains creaked and trembled
In the direful awful fray;
The while the Pookas danced and yelled
And waved their torches high,
Till caught by the whirling wind were borne
To their spirit home in the sky.
And those who dwell by the lonely Lough,
Still tell a wondrous tale,
Of how these sprites on darksome nights
Yet ride in the tempests gale,
And how by the vivid flash they see
Their misty ghost-like forms,
Still bear the flaming torches high
On the breast of the raging storms.

THE BLIND FIDDLER

YE TELL of the fields all fresh and green,
And the waving yellow corn,
And depths of forest shade serene,

That this cherished land adorn;
But rocks and the barren shores of the sea,
To my sightless eyes, are as dear to me.

My vibrant strings are tuned ye see,
To the fruitful fields and glens,
To murm'ring streams and songs of glee,
As well as the damp dark fens;
So rocks and the barren shores of the sea,
To my sightless eyes, are as dear to me.

I catch the soul of harmony,
That paints the myriad forms,
The mountain sides and rolling sea,
And wild tempestuous storms;
So rocks and the barren shores of the sea,
To my sightless eyes, are as dear to me.

THE SILVERY BAY

HERE we are a-sailing,
Sailing o'er the bay,
Sailing to the primrose fields
In the month of May.

Oh the breath of Spring-time
Sweet with perfumes rare,
Golden are the gorse plumes,
Meadows green and fair.

Wild birds gayly singing
In the shady bowers,
Elder trees o'er hanging
Rich with budding flowers.

Joyfully we're sailing,
Sailing on our way,
To the shady hillsides
Where the violets stay.

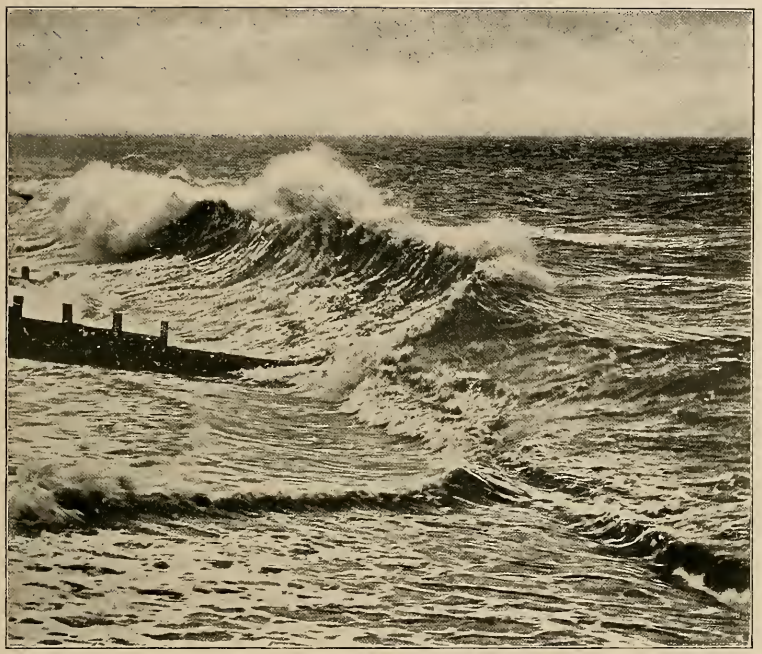
THE EVICTED TENANT

THEY'VE ta'en from us our home, dear Tom,
It breaks me heart to go;
'Twas here ye brought me first a bride,
'Tis here we've labored so;
But cheer up lad
And don't be sad,
We've the childer yet, ye know.

We can stop by yonder hedge, Tom,
The childer's bed the heather,
While the hawthorn boughs will shelter us
This cold and stormy weather;
So cheer up lad
And don't be sad,
We'll not forsake each other.

There are other homes on earth, Tom,
And gardens rich with flowers,
A dear thatched house that's ivy crowned
And sweetly scented bowers;
So cheer up lad
And don't be sad,
Such home will yet be ours.

Ye've heard them tell of the land, dear Tom,
Where golden sun sets be,
Where riches, wealth and happiness,
Are the birth-right of the free;
Then cheer up lad
And don't be sad,
There's a home for you and me.



WELCOME O WAVES

WELCOME, O waves of the ocean wide,
Welcome your wild mad roar,
Ye are a part of the self same tide
That laves my native shore;
And ye break at my feet, on this foreign strand,
While I dream of that far away distant land
I shall love forever more.

Roll on, O sea, earth's throbbing blood,
And fling your salt spray o'er,
Till I am drenched with the briny flood
That has kissed my native shore;
And bring on thy winds, in my own land born,
The smell of the clover and ripening corn,
The perfumes I adore.

O mighty sea; thy generous waves
Seek every waiting shore,
And the boundless life, thy bosom heaves,
Spreads joy the wide world o'er;
So I greet thee, O sea, on whatever strand,
For ye bring me a message from my home-
land,
A message from my Asthore.

THE STREET COBBLER

"I'M OLD and gray," said the cobbler,
And he smiled an artless smile;
"I'm thinkin' of riches and comfort,
And wond'ring if they're worth while."

"I'm old and poor," said the cobbler,
With a twinkle in his eye;
"And wondering who'll say the masses
When I shall come to die."

"I am thirsty," said the cobbler,
With a very thirsty grin;
"But you wouldn't have the price sir,
For a little stout or gin?"

"I'm thanking you," said the cobbler,
As he wandered 'cross the way;
"What matters now if poor or rich,
Or masses any-way."

BY THE SEA

WE SAT by the sea when our love was new,
And whispered the words that no one could hear;
For the sea was calm, and it whispered too
As we breathed to each other love so dear.
Life was the water, clear and fair,
We, the boats that were anchored there.

We sat by the sea when our love was worn,
And talked of our trials and troubles and grief,
While the sea by tempest and wind was torn,

And the mad waves roared on a rock built
reef.
Life was the water, rough and high,
We, the boats that were drifting by.

We sat by the sea when our love was old,
And whispered again, but with hearts now
sore,
And the sea was placid, but dark and cold,
The billows were gone, for the storm was o'er.
Life was the water, deep and wide,
We, the boats on the ebbing tide.

THE BLUE FLAME TURF

BUILD ye a fire with the blue flame turf
And drive the dread banshees away;
Then dream as ye watch the curling smoke
And your dreams will come true some day.

If ye dream of your sweetheart's lovely face
So sweet with the red flame of life,

Ye will surely meet in a fortnight's time
And ye'll ask her to be your wife.

If ye dream of your lover's tender looks
And ye hear him mutter a sigh
Ye will meet another within a week
And will bid the first one good bye.

If ye dream of your wife's bewitching smile
And between ye there's no word said,
Ye'll fight next day like Kilkenny cats
And be nursing a broken head.

MEETING OF THE WATERS

WHERE the waters meet in the shadows
And mingle their crystal flow,
The stars in their virgin splendor
Reflect their heavenly glow.

And the moonbeams slyly creeping
Through the thickly curtained bowers,
Dance merrily on the waters
In the stilly midnight hours.

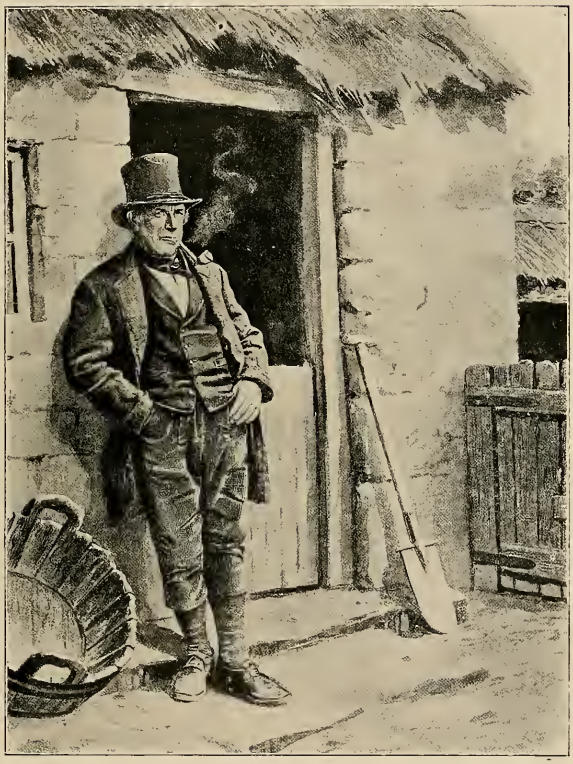
What a joyous happy meeting,
With these denizens afar,
Each crystal drop of water
Gayly kissing each bright star.

AT THE SHRINE

I COME from crowded busy ways of life,
Where saddened faces tell of sinfulness,
Where galling tears and longing wistful eyes
Betoken hearts bereft of happiness.

Strength do I need to meet life's daily cares,
And power divine to meet life's sorrow;
Oh grant that here sufficient help I find,
To fit me for each new tomorrow.

Oh, sacred place where lowly contrite hearts
Their solace find from sin's pollution,
I come to thee and bend the suppliant knee,
And at thy shrine seek absolution.



THE TENANT

YE MAY talk about castles, landlords and sich,
And those who have plenty of golden store;

But give me a cabin with only a thatch
And I'll be content beside me own door.

What more has the lord than what's on his back,
Considering the food he's able to buy;
I meself I'm thinkin' am richer by far,
I've peace of mind and a pig in the sty.

Away with your money, titles and all,
Go ride to the hounds until you are sore;
For me 'tis enough to have me old pipe
And find rich contentment at me own door.

KILLARNEY

I KNOW of a spot in Ireland
That is very dear to me
'Tis the fairest in that fair land
'Tis the Lakes of Killarney.

From my soul I send my greeting
And in spirit I can see
The crystal waters meeting
At the Lakes of Killarney.

Mine eyes are dim with weeping
When I think dear land of thee
And that spot within thy keeping
The fair Lakes of Killarney.

Oh, I long for thee my home-land
And I fain would cross the sea
To forever live in Ireland
By the Lakes of Killarney.

THE VILLAGE

GIVE me the life in the village street,
The neighborly friendly smile
On the faces of those I chance to meet,
For only such life is worth while.

Envy and strife are absent there,
Contentment and peace abide,
For the spirit is free from worldly care
And the hearts are true and tried.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL

I WHIRL the wheel as old time whirls me.
Till we're both as wobbly as wobbly can be;
Yet there is that, in life's troublous storm

That makes me smile at the way we perform;
For when the yarn is but poorly spun,
I blame the old wheel for the mischief done.
And spitefully then it throws off the band,
And pesters me so on every hand,
That I just indignantly stop and say,—
"You're old and stubborn, so have your own way."
Then I leave it a while to ponder and rest,
And think of the things that I strongly detest,
But again I return to my endless task,
To find the old wheel in a different mask;
It spins and spins as it used to do,
And we're both so happy, and over our stew,
That I sing an old song, an old love rhyme,
While the wheel hums merrily all the time
And I want to hug it, and a secret tell;
In spite of its faults I love it well.
And so we spin, we two together,
Spinning the yarn for the wintry weather.
Yet sometimes I smile to myself to see,
How foolish old things, over nothing, can be.

GOING TO MASS

TIS A-TOP of the beast me Missus and me
Ride over to mass every mornin',
As proud as a Lord and a Lady could be,
And the rest of the people a-scornin'.

See me shape, and me stoile, with new knickers on,
As straight as a peacock, begorra,
And Missus behind with her new pillion
Lookin' sweet as the rose of Aurora.

The beast too, himself, is the envy of all,
Ye'll not find his aquil in Kerry,
He knows if we're goin' to church or a ball,
By our bein' rale sober or merry.

Ah, the King and the Queen have no better
stoile
Than the Murphys' who live in Killcown;
Shure I'd not trade me place for the whole of
his pile,
Exceptin' he'd throw in his crown.

HOLY WELL OF AGHADA

LET ME drink thy living waters,
Cheer me with thy cooling flood,
Cleanse me, heal me, loving fountain,
Be in me life's richest blood;
For I come to thee believing,
As I pray, I am receiving.

Let me touch thy sacred waters,
That again I may be whole,

I am broken, faint, disheartened,
Heal my troubled doubting soul;
For I come to thee believing,
As I pray, I am receiving.

Let me in thy healing waters,
Lave my weary aching limb
In thy sacred sparkling waters,
Praying only unto Him
Who hath said, "Have faith believing,
As ye pray, ye are receiving."

LIFE AND THE TOMB

DO SOLEMN church-yards mark the end of all mankind,
Is life a dream, an hour of toil and pain and bliss,
Where at its close a narrow bed of earth we find,
Where we may cherish evermore the farewell kiss?

No; life is seed, the master sows and scatters wide;

Some find the primal soil and some the stone
and clod,
Some perish, others gain the light and there
abide
And grow, still clutching earth until they are
with God.

The grave can never mark life's end nor its
beginning,
It but transforms the shapes that earth has
given
To those of more exalted state, when freed
from sinning
They find an entrance to the lofty courts of
heaven.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT

FAREWELL blessed land and farewell forever,
No longer thy charms attract me to thee;
The last of my name lies cold in thy bosom,
The land of the west calls me over the sea.

My land of the shamrock is owned by an alien,
The waters are his and denied unto me;

Though I love thee dear Erin, the home of my fathers,
The land of the west calls me over the sea.

Thy rich fertile valleys, thy fields ripe and golden,
Engraved on my heart their beauty shall be;
They were mine as a child, yet ever another's;
The land of the west calls me over the sea.

I shall miss thy bold cliffs, thy mountains of heather,
The sails wide-spread on the beautiful Lee;
The bay of the fox-hounds, the horn of the hunter,
But the land of the west calls me over the sea.

'Tis there I at last shall meet my heart's longing,
A spot of green earth unencumbered and free;
A home, and Oh God; what that means to a tenant;
The land of the west calls me over the sea.

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